

Message From Last Century.

Spoken by one who is still alive and addressed to the youths of to-day. A New Year Greeting unlike any ever published. In the Next

Sunday Post-Dispatch.

VOL. 49, NO. 138.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

CIRCULATION SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1897.

107,815.

SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—DECEMBER 25, 1897.

PRICE: In St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND PERSONS MADE HAPPY BY THE POST-DISPATCH AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

Sidewalks at Ninth and Market Streets Crowded With Men, Women and Children Long Before the Great Dining Hall Was Thrown Open.

A thousand hungry men, women and children blocked the sidewalks around the big building at the northwest corner of Ninth and Market streets Christmas morning. They waited hours for the great Christmas dinner promised by the Salvation Army and the Post-Dispatch. Some of them appeared as early as 7 o'clock. "I have no home," said one of the early arrivals, "and I can wait here just as well as elsewhere." It was a cold, shivering crowd. In all that number there was not an overcoat nor a wrap. It was a destitute crowd. All through the night the army workers, under direction of Capt. Gregerson, the chief, were busily engaged in preparing the feast. Finishing touches were put on in the early morning hours, and by 10 o'clock the great dining hall was in readiness. It was originally intended to begin the dinner planned by the Salvation Army and carried to success by the Post-Dispatch at 11 o'clock, but by 10 o'clock the details were completed a little earlier, and the mass of hungry humanity was admitted, 700 at a time, at the earliest possible moment.

The slight was well worth a thousand miles of travel. Men, women and children, many of whom had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, eagerly climbed the stairway leading to the dining-hall from the Ninth street entrance. Even though pinched by hunger, they tried to be patient, and the best of order was maintained.

A Post-Dispatch reporter was on the street in front of the dinner hall when the crowd commenced to arrive. The greetings of these unfortunates was interesting. Each one wished the other a merry Christmas, then the goodly turned to the dinner that awaited them, and many expressions of thanks for the Post-Dispatch were heard.

Up in the dining hall after 10 o'clock half a hundred lads and lassies moved briskly about serving the dinner. Plenty of time was given for eating, but no time was wasted, and as soon as one relay of 700 had finished, the hall was vacated and another was ushered in.

The crowd grew to such proportions that one of the hungry ones were compelled to wait several minutes. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance, but there was not a murmur. Many of the applicants had waited long for food and they were willing to wait a little longer.

The dinner will continue until everybody has been fed. It will necessarily be prolonged until late in the afternoon, perhaps into the evening.

When the Post-Dispatch espoused the plan of the Salvation Army it was promised that dinner would be provided for fifteen thousand persons. That promise has been fulfilled. At least fifteen thousand hungry ones were cheered at the Salvation Army's great dining hall.

Accustomed to kicks and cuffs, knocked from pillars to the ground, and rebuffed at every corner, the tramp and he was present at the dinner in numbers—has learned to look doubtfully upon all humanity. Such a reception as was accorded these outcasts at Salvation Army Hall, removed that doubt and made life worth living.

Here, then and everywhere about the hall was Maj. Miles, the head of the Salvation Army in St. Louis and Missouri. His noble, unselfish wife was with him. They moved gently about, directing the general details of the work.

The discipline of the Salvation Army is such that but few commands are necessary. A hint from Maj. Miles is to his subordinates equivalent to a command. A more perfect exhibition of order could not be imagined.

The preparation of a dinner for 15,000 persons involves an immense amount of labor and generalship. Yet, by reason of the Salvation Army discipline, this task was apparently as trivial as the cooking of a dinner for two by a housewife in a flat.

A reporter for the Post-Dispatch looked in on the cooking scene the evening before Christmas. It was a study. Twelve gasolene stoves were burning brightly. Forty men and women were quickly working. Over in one corner sat a dozen men and boys. They were paring potatoes. A large

crowd began arriving as early as 8 o'clock and increased steadily until noon. Then there was a falling off in the numbers. The oyster soup and turkey at home proving too much for the appetites aroused by skimming over the wide expanse of ice in the crisp air.

Later in the afternoon the skaters returned in larger numbers and it is expected that all three lakes will be crowded until late in the evening.

The hundreds of skaters who have enjoyed the smooth ice on the Post-Dispatch Lake for the last week have cut the ice considerably with their sharp blades and will several places where the ice is now almost too rough for enjoyment. At the west end of the lake, however, the skating is as good as it ever was.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—James P. Coleman, an engine driver in the F. & D. Department, sacrificed his own life to-day rather than run down a woman and a little girl who, stranded with freight, were unable to get out of his way. Coleman, to avoid hitting them, gave the engine too sharp a turn and it toppled over, with the driver beneath it, killing him almost instantly.

SANTA CLAUS GAVE UP THE CONTRACT.



HE HAD SEEN THE ST. LOUIS STREETS.

TRIUMPH OF SURGERY.

WOMAN'S STOMACH REMOVED AND SHE LIVED AND FATTENED AFTERWARD.

THEORIES REVOLUTIONIZED.

The Stomach Can No Longer Be Regarded as One of the Vital Organs.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The Medical Record publishes the following account of the first successful removal of a human stomach.

"The feat is the most brilliant and daring ever attempted in recent surgical history but the attending discovery that the stomach is not a vital organ is more important. Hitherto it has been considered utterly impossible for a person to live without a stomach. With the fall of this long recognized axiom the old theories of medicine and surgery may be entirely changed and the field of possibilities which the discovery opens up is practically limitless."

"The operation which has so startled the medical world was performed in Zurich, Switzerland, by Dr. Carl Schlatter on September 6 last. The subject was Anna Landis, 56 years old, a silk weaver. This woman had complained for years of stomach trouble. Dr. Schlatter diagnosed the case and found that she was suffering from an exceptionally large tumor in her stomach. Laparotomy was performed and Dr. Schlatter found that the woman's entire stomach presented a hard mass. And then this daring operator, seeing that the organ was useless, went to work and freed it from its delicate attachments, cutting, twisting and clamping among the most vital functions of the human stomach can be satisfactorily performed by the other divisions of the alimentary canal."

"On Oct. 11, a month and five days after the stomach had been removed, Anna Landis left her bed and was walking about. Her weight increased and apparently she was in far better health than before the operation. Dr. Edmund Charles Wendle of Medical Record who obtained Dr. Schlatter's personal account of the facts, states that on the 28th of October he saw Anna Landis and that to all intents and purposes she is a well woman. She is still under observation at the Zurich County Hospital, but is able to do her full share of work in the home."

"Dr. Wendle concludes from the successful removal of the stomach that the human stomach is not a vital organ; that the digestive capacity of the stomach has been in hand in various cases about the place, weight may take place despite the absence of gastric activity; that vomiting may occur without a stomach; and that the chemical functions of the human stomach can be satisfactorily performed by the other divisions of the alimentary canal."

Light and Water Shut Off.

Hot Springs Is Having Trouble With the Companies.

THE TECHNICAL DETAILS OF THE OPERATION can only be appreciated by members of the medical profession. When Dr. Schlatter had loosened the entire stomach he firmly united a small coil of the intestine to the oesophagus, thus making a direct connection between the alimentary canal and the bowels. The work of joining the intestine and the oesophagus was most delicate. They were bound together with sutures. The organs

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—A dispatch from Maximo Gomez, dated headquarters of the Cuban army, Las Delicias, Cuba, gives the following authorized statement from the insurgent commander-in-chief:

"All I have to say regarding this great and heroic war in Cuba is a complete ratification of our manifesto issued at Monte Cristo."

"You may make it known to the American people that it is the firm resolution of the army and people of Cuba, who have shed so much blood in order to conquer their independence, not to falter in their just cause until triumph or death crowns their efforts."

M. GOMEZ.

HELPED TO FREEDOM.

MRS. JENNIE NELSON SAW GEO. HARRIS ON THE "UNDERGROUND RAILWAY."

HER FATHER'S HOUSE A STATION.

Interesting Bit of History Recalled by the Death of the Hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

PARIS, Ill., Dec. 25.—The recent death of George Harris, the hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at Lexington, Ky., has brought to light an interesting story relative to his escape from slavery and the workings of "The Underground Railway," related by Mrs. Jennie Nelson of this city, whose father was the principal actor.

What was known to the fugitive slave and what will be known to history as "The Underground Railway," was a line of farm houses extending from Ripley, O., to Cleveland. The enthusiastic abolitionists who lived in them were pledged to receive fugitive slaves, give them food and shelter and pass them on to the next station as opportunity offered.

The first station where the slaves were received on crossing the river was the house of Rev. John Rankin, a Presbyterian minister, believed to be the original of Phineas Gaea, the postmaster at Fountain Green, the home of Miss Nelson's father. John A. Nelson, four miles from Hillsboro, Mo., George Harris was brought in the dead of night by Rev. Rankin. Miss Nelson describes her meeting with the fugitive:

"Next morning I saw a mulatto man, a fine looking specimen of his race, sitting in the kitchen. He stayed all day, perhaps two days, and proved a valuable and willing hand in various chores about the place. There was little care taken to prevent his being seen, for the fugitive slave law was not then in force, and he could only be taken by force of arms."

"After dark the next evening my father took him to the house of Col. Thomas Rogers, the next station on the line, about sixteen miles distant. John F. Nelson of Hillsboro, O., a brother of Miss Nelson, met Harris in Cincinnati several years ago, without revealing his own identity, he questioned him as to his escape. The old man's recollection of Fountain Green was quite clear, and he even described the little girl who started at him as he sat in the kitchen unconsciously helping to lay the foundation for Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal work."

A THOUSAND DOLLAR JOKE.

It Was Played by Miss Fernald on Her Father.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Miss Fernald, former fiancée of Sanger Fulman, played a joke on her father yesterday which cost him just \$1,000.

It seems Miss Fernald approached her father for a Christmas check. Mr. Fernald thought it was a chance for a good joke and he told the daughter he would allow her to draw on him for \$1,000 in case she could make him so successfully that the paying teller would hand over the money without question or suspicion. Miss Fernald succeeded. The teller was entirely deceived and was kept on the rack for a whole day by Mr. Fernald, who insisted that some one had cashed a check which he had not signed. The row was kept up until closing time and then the supposedly straggled patron of the bank let all his friends into the laugh, it appears in one of the verbiage that Miss Fernald asked of the sum with which to provide for her friends and charity afterward.

Cold in the Far West.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 25.—Arctic weather still prevails west of the Great Divide. The warm wave which visited Denver a few days ago did not climb the mountains. According to the reports received at the general offices of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad the temperature ranges from zero to 15 degrees below zero in the towns on the Western slope.

POST-DISPATCH THERMOMETER.

7 a. m. -29 11 a. m. -28 3 p. m. -27 5 p. m. -26 7 p. m. -25 9 p. m. -24 11 p. m. -23

Queen's Grandson An American's Servant.

Heir to an empire laces the shoes of a photographer's son, fetches and carries for him. Read the Remarkable Story in the Next Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Tale of Seances and Suspicion of Fraud Revealed in the Full History of the Orchardson Case.

PROLIFIC OF STRANGE CHAPTERS. The Ghost of Old Man Merrick, Raised by Vera Ava, Bade His Widow, to Whom He Left \$100,000, Wed Charles Orchardson.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

QUINCY, Ill., Dec. 24.—The full history of the Orchardson case, brief mention of which was made in dispatches from here two days ago, shows that the Supreme Court of Illinois has established an astounding precedent in the setting aside of a marriage contract after one of the contracting parties has been dead for almost four years. The chief figure in this legal wrangle, which has been terminated after a three years' struggle, is Charles Orchardson, a Chicagoan of much notoriety. Spiritism rampant marks the story, and the notorious Vera Ava, sometimes known as Odella Diss de Bar, is another personage said to have been connected with the already celebrated case.

Orchardson was married to Mrs. Merrick of Quincy in 1883. The groom boasted years to the number of a few less than three score, while the bride had already passed the 80-year mark. Within a year after the marriage ceremony had been performed the bride died, and it then developed, it was charged, that the spouse of younger years had been making himself at home with an estate of \$100,000. Nephews and nieces of the one time Mrs. Merrick began to look askance, and the change was made that their relative had been dragged into the marriage by the deft plans of a band of spiritualists. On this ground after years of litigation before the lower courts, in which A. A. Alling of Chicago played a prominent part as counsel for the complainant, the marriage contract was set aside by the Supreme Court upon Orchardson's appeal.

The case is prolific of strange chapters, of spiritualistic seances and of commands from the alleged spirit of the dead. The mere story has caused a great sensation. Orchardson has long been a queer figure in the social strata of Chicago.

Back in the days of 1884, when the late Carter H. Harrison, father of Chicago's present mayor, was arrayed as a candidate for the mayoralty position, Orchardson bobbed up as his opponent, placing himself under the Socialist banner. He daubed in paint to some extent and styled himself an artist. Before him came the late Mayor Harrison's son for his portrait and the daughter of Mrs. Heaton Owsley was another candidate before the brush of the queer man who also dabbled in spiritualism. Mrs. Owsley testifying during the proceedings in the lower courts, Orchardson's brother, William Quiller Orchardson, is the man who has been commissioned by the British government to paint the official pictures commemorative of Queen Victoria's recent jubilee.

In the early years of the present decade Mrs. Merrick was living in Quincy, Orchardson, acting, it is alleged, as the right bower of Vera Ava, known as Odella Diss de Bar of spiritualistic notoriety, was cruising about Chicago. Seances extraordinary were held, and the late Mayor Orchardson met Mrs. Merrick, widow and possessor of property of the value of \$100,000, being in person and the remainder in realty holdings.

The scene of operations at once changed to Quincy. Orchardson, young in appearance, despite his weight of years, frequently called upon Mrs. Merrick, though she was twenty years his senior. The latter became an attendant at the spiritualistic seances. One evening the ghost of old Merrick, it is said, appeared before the circle of spirit worshippers in response to the power exerted by Vera Ava. The figure, swaying about in the dim light, claimed to be the genuine spook of the deceased husband, who had left the \$100,000. In cold, chilly tones the apparition advised the widow to cease her mourning and marry Orchardson of the dashing manner. On other occasions the spirit appeared when the entire circle had proceeded to seal the hall in motion, urging that the widow enter into marriage with the Quincy visitor. In due time the requests of the alleged caller from the spirit world were heeded and the marriage, it was declared, was solemnized with much ceremony.

Then the visits of the deceased Merrick became still more numerous. He seemed to carry a latchkey to all Quincy and was often received by the newly wedded wife and her friends, the spirit-exhorters. The wealthy gentleman entered a second request to the effect that the newly wedded Mrs. Orchardson should draft a will and testament directing that all her property should pass into the hands of her comparatively youthful husband in case of her death.

The document was prepared and signed. Within a few months—the whole action taking place within the year—the wife died. Orchardson assumed control of the \$100,000 and began, it is charged, to exhibit the manners of a man who owns a steam yacht and a racing stable. The money was disappearing rapidly, it is said, when a number of nephews and nieces appeared on the scene and demanded that the will be broken and the husband's fingers be kept off the reality, which he was about to convert into spending money.

Among the litigants were Mrs. Ella Solomon of Chicago, George Turner of Michigan and J. Coffel of Denver. The case was carried into court over three years ago. Orchardson was defeated, the trial being conducted at Quincy, and Charles Alling fought among the legal forces drawn from Chicago. Retraile and other legal stumbling blocks placed in the path of the nephews and nieces, who were the only heirs, were finally passed with the banners of the complainants claiming victory at every step. The decision of the Supreme Court was rendered on the appeal of Orchardson, the terse telegram from Springfield, "Case of Orchardson vs. Coffel affirmed," being the history as related by the present closing chapter.

The setting aside of the marriage on the ground that it was fraudulent, of course involved the declaration that the will was invalid.

HAS A FLYING MACHINE.

Inventor Graham of Hannibal Thinks It a Good One.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Dec. 25.—Notwithstanding the many failures made, forty-two patents have been added in endeavoring to construct a successful flying machine. Mr. H. C. Graham of this city is not discouraged, but feels confident that he has grasped the correct principles and will, in time, bring forth an airplane that will be a success. He is a well known and successful gentleman well informed on the principles of physics, the laws of gravitation, etc., and has devoted years of hard study to trying to accomplish this aim. Some fifteen years ago he constructed a model and since then has studied and pondered how to improve upon it. His aerial machine will be propelled on the same principle that a bird flies through the air, and the propelling power will be derived chiefly by balancing. No mechanical power, except that which may be used by the navigator himself, will be used or needed. Mr. Graham says that his machine will be constructed with a view of causing as little resistance as possible and that it will not be able to carry heavy freight. One hundred pounds will probably be the maximum freight bearing the weight of the navigator. The vessel will depend upon the condition of the air and whether with or against the current. He says that his machine as now constructed will probably be the greatest speed it could attain, and this when going with the current of the wind. Mr. Graham expects to return to California in the spring and there complete his machine, whether he will be successful or not. He has all his predecessors remains to be seen. Some of the principles of this machine he will not divulge and that but very few persons ever had the pleasure of seeing his model.

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Said to Have Been the Largest Wheel Mill in the Country.

FOSTORIA, O., Dec. 25.—The Harter mill, the largest winter wheat mill in the country, was destroyed by fire last night. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

MANY CHRISTMAS SKATERS.

Not Even Home Attractions Competed With the Post-Dispatch Lake.

Christmas with the folks at home and the splendid musical programme at many of the churches were not strong enough attractions for about 400 skaters who put in the morning on the ice on the Post-Dispatch Lake in the Forenoon Park.

The crowd began arriving as early as 8 o'clock and increased steadily until noon. Then there was a falling off in the numbers. The oyster soup and turkey at home proving too much for the appetites aroused by skimming over the wide expanse of ice in the crisp air.

Later in the afternoon the skaters returned in larger numbers and it is expected that all three lakes will be crowded until late in the evening.

The hundreds of skaters who have enjoyed the smooth ice on the Post-Dispatch Lake for the last week have cut the ice considerably with their sharp blades and will several places where the ice is now almost too rough for enjoyment. At the west end of the lake, however, the skating is as good as it ever was.

HEROIC ENGINE DRIVER.

Lost His Own Life to Save a Woman and Child.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—James P. Coleman, an engine driver in the F. & D. Department, sacrificed his own life to-day rather than run down a woman and a little girl who, stranded with freight, were unable to get out of his way. Coleman, to avoid hitting them, gave the engine too sharp a turn and it toppled over, with the driver beneath it, killing him almost instantly.

A SORRY CHRISTMAS.

James Brown Taken for a Murderer Committed Two Years Ago.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

QUINCY, Ill., Dec. 25.—A Kansas City officer arrived here last night and identified James Brown, colored, as the murderer of Henry Prater, Kansas City in the spring of 1895. The officer left on this morning's "Mill" train with his prisoner.

Brown had been here since last spring, but the police just learned a few days ago that he was here for many years. Before leaving Brown was said that Prater was a bad man and that he was jealous of him. Brown was a wife and two children here in destitute circumstances.

Prater objected to his calling at Mrs. Williams' house and threatened to kill him. One day Prater was in his caveing. Williams place and he started for him, putting his hand into his hip-pocket. Brown saw this and then pulled his gun and fired in self-defense. Prater turned and ran and he sent five bullets after him. Brown has a wife and two children here in destitute circumstances.

SEVERAL SLEIGHING ACCIDENT.

Little Girl Killed and Five Persons Seriously Injured.

LITTLE FALLS, N. J., Dec. 25.—A sleigh containing seven people returning from a Christmas entertainment was struck by the Lake Shore Limited at the Central crossing in St. Johnsville, ten miles east of here, last night. Nine-year-old Nellie Place was killed instantly and five others were seriously injured. A Mrs. Smith and her daughter were wedged on the pilot of the engine and carried over it. They were painfully injured but will recover.

JOY?

If Ever It Existed in Printed Form

It Will Be Found in the

Pages of the

SUNDAY

POST-DISPATCH.

8-Page Mirth Repository.

Cartoons by Men Whose Humorous Characterizations Have Convulsed the Nations With Laughter.

Stories and Jokes by Men Who Can't Help Being Funny; and as for the

MAGAZINE.

What Do You Think of These Features?

MORE THAN ONE GREAT MAN has found the name of Helen fateful. Ever since the day of the Trojan beauty the name has been one of the most powerful of European statesmen were ruined through their love of a Helen. Concerning one of them a book has been written. The history of the other is as familiar as household words. Their life stories are almost parallel. They will be found only in tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

ST. LOUIS IS THE FINANCIAL Gibraltar of the United States. Her reputation for commercial solidity is the outgrowth of whole decades of business conservatism. Her institutions are the bulwarks of the business world. The story of their foundation and growth will be found only in tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING as social reciprocity? Very charming when one learns the particulars of the plan. It exists in only one town in the United States. It all came about through the expectations of a popular newspaper man, who shocked a number of his friends by a remarkable declaration. The story will be told only in tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

A WOMAN IS JUST AS OLD AS SHE looks. The question with fair women, therefore, is how to preserve an appearance of youth. The problem has been solved by Adeline Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, the Princess of Wales and others, and the same results can be achieved by any woman who will follow the instructions which will be given by one of the sex in tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE THOUGHT OF DEATH IS REPUGNANT to the majority of people. No man who is in a normal condition wants to die. It is just as easy to live to be 100 years old as it is to live 50. There is no discrimination as to individuals. A St. Louisian knows the secret of longevity and will tell it to readers of tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

PROBABLY THE OLDEST MAN IN the world lives in St. Louis. He expects to survive the passing of the nineteenth century. If such shall prove to be the case, he will have seen the light of three centuries. He drinks when he gets ready, but never smokes, although he is now 105 years old. He has lived 105 years of tobacco a day. Dec. 25 is his birthday. His history will be found only in tomorrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch.

MCLEERY'S PRESENT A WIFE.

"What Do You Want?" Said She. "I Want You," Said He.

Edgar R. McLeery, of W. P. McLeery & Co., commission merchants at 200 North Second street, got a wife for a Christmas present. She was Miss Rose Kirwin of 227 St. Vincent street, one of the belles of the West End. They were married at Clayton Park Sunday afternoon. For the present the young couple are at the home of the groom's family at 461 Laclede avenue. "We had been engaged for some time and were to have been married in February," said young Mr. McLeery. "No one had any objection to the match. At noon yesterday she asked me what I wanted for a Christmas gift. I said, 'I want you.'"

TO FIGHT AUCTION STORES.

Retail Jewelers Will Take Steps to Stop an Alleged Evil.

The Retail Jewelers' Association will resist the war against the sale of "fake" jewelry at auction stores. It was stopped last summer, but has been resurrected in several establishments. Jewelers claim that what they object to is that these concerns misrepresent the quality of goods sold. "If they were square in their dealing," said a member of the association, "they would not have the slightest objection to being put on a par with the legitimate jewelry store. It is the fact that they display a watch for \$5 and claim that in any legitimate jewelry store the price of it would be \$10. The fact is that they underprice these people, as well as certain good goods store. In free open competition, we will meet in January and take active measures to wipe out the evil."

CELEBRATION IN THE COLOSSEUM.

Destruction of the Large Building in Chicago.

SEVERAL LIVES WERE LOST.

A TRADE EXPOSITION WAS GOING ON WHEN THE FIRE WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

ELECTRIC WIRE STARTED IT.

In Half an Hour the Whole Structure Was Nothing but a Mass of Twisted Ruins.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The Coliseum building at Sixty-third street and Stony Island avenue in which Hon. William J. Bryan was nominated for the presidency of the United States by the Democratic party was last night destroyed by fire. This is the second time that the great structure in its history of less than three years has been laid in ruins. The building had been rented for an exhibition of a manufacturers' exposition and was filled from end to end with booths, all of which burned with their contents. Three hundred persons connected with the exposition were in the huge structure when the fire began. In attempting to save their personal effects many had run, and several were killed. A large number were injured. A dozen persons were reported missing, but all who were known to be in the building at the time of the fire have been accounted for except nine. A charred corpse supposed to be that of N. H. Johnson, a carpenter, was found this morning in the ruins. A party of searchers made the discovery about forty feet from the main entrance to the building. The remains were buried in a mass of masonry which partially protected the lower portion of the corpse, while the head, arms and shoulders were burned to a cinder. Alongside was found a bunch of keys bearing the name supposed to be that of the victim.

Those of whom nothing could be learned and who were believed to have perished are: JOSEPH BYRNES, bookbinder, N. J. employed by beauty exhibit; WILLIAM DELANEY, employed by beauty exhibit as decorator; SHOLAN HUPPARD, Armenian; employed in street car exhibit; a last seen in exhibit while running; J. A. MALOSSUM, Turk; employed in exhibit attempting to escape; GERTIE WILSON of the streets of Cairo exhibition.

Two women, dancers in the midway exhibition, seen in the building just before it collapsed. One, a skating instructor, immediately before he himself was killed.

Following is the list of the injured: WILLIAM ALLIARY, driver of Engine Co. 10, thrown from a horse and killed; a Lake Shore train at Cottage Grove avenue and Forty-first street while responding to the alarm; right arm sustained a head cut and bruised; taken to his home, 3411 G. W. AMENT, face and hands badly burned; L. BABA, Streets of Cairo Company, Dervish; right arm cut and burned; J. HENRY COOPER of the art exhibit; shocked by live wire and severely burned about right arm; taken to his home, 1012 N. 1st street; severely scorched; escaped by crawling out beneath debris; GEORGE DEKKREK, proprietor of the Streets of Cairo exhibit; jumped from upper balcony of burning building and burned badly; EUGENE DUGGAN, employe Streets of Cairo exhibit; burned about right arm; EUGENE PEKRAKO, Streets of Cairo; hands burned; PETER POOTE, watchman; burned about face and hands; ROBERT H. WYATT, truck company 15, severely bruised by debris during the collapse of wall of the building; L. B. BELLE, SAIDA, muscle dancer, Streets of Cairo; face and hands severely and hysterical from fright; J. L. LEON, New York City, employed in Luxembourg exhibit; burned while trying to save paintings; HENRY LYONS, arm burned; JAS. MAHER, fireman truck company 20, stunned by electric shock received in cutting live wire; M. J. MORLEY, proprietor of the X-ray exhibit; face, head and arm badly burned; FRANK CURRY, of St. Louis; severely burned on right arm; JACK NALLBUND, musician, Streets of Cairo company; partly suffocated and dragged out by policeman; HARRY W. BROWN, New York City, employed in the Luxembourg exhibit; burned; WILLIAM ROBERTSON, employed in the X-ray exhibit; face and hands severely burned; M. J. WHEELER, watchman, hands burned; LOUIS WEISS, janitor, burned about face and hands; W. B. BRIGHT, instructor in roller skating exhibit, burned about arms; A. JACKSON, performer, hands burned; MARY WILSON, performer in the visions of art, overcome by smoke; DON ROY, trapeze performer, overcome by smoke; THOMAS J. MINNING, employed in Irish village, overcome by smoke; MARY AMON, dancer in the Turkish village, overcome by smoke; CHARLES W. PIERCE of Omaha, employed in the roast beef stall, leaped from balcony and was slightly injured, hands and face burned; FRANK HATFIELD, who was employed in the building when the balcony gave way; sustained slight burns; HARRY BAKER, employed in Luxembourg gallery; badly burned about face and hands; FRED GETZ, captain of truck 16; suffocated by smoke inside of building and rescued; FRANK JAMESON, lieutenant of truck 16; overcome by smoke inside building and rescued; MARIENNA ARDOULNE, dancer in Streets of Cairo; had injured by falling timber from balcony.

According to the figures given by the exhibitors and managers of the various concessions, the total loss is \$700,000. The principal losers are: Coliseum Company on building, \$400,000; Coliseum Company on interior property, \$100,000; Carousels and Toboggans, F. C. H. Co., \$100,000; Blinn's paintings (Dr. Valentine), \$25,000; Streets of Cairo and Congress of Eastern Nations, stock, \$20,000; The Coliseum cost \$250,000 and was twice as large as the Madison Square Garden building of New York. It had a floor space of seven acres, including the grounds, and gallery floors, was 500 feet long by 300 wide and contained 2,500,000 pounds of steel, 1,200,000 feet of timber and 100,000 bricks. On August 21, 1895, the first Coliseum, which was destroyed by fire, was a wrecked, entailing a loss of \$125,000. The house of the Coliseum has never been known, but it was thought that the last arch, for not placed in position correctly. The building was to have been opened on September 2 of that year by the Barnum & Bailey circus, and the contractors were rushing the work in order to have something to show to the public. Six hundred men had been working on the building up to an hour before the fire broke out. The fire was on the roof of the building at the time, and the weight of this was supposed to have had something to do with the accident. The original Coliseum was designed by S. R. Reman in Italian Renaissance style. The center of one side rose a campanile 100 feet high and thirty-six feet square. The collapse of the first building, Architect

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STABBED BY A RIVAL.

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He passed some words with White and the men plunged a long knife to the hilt in the breast of the other.

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A NEW CHRISTMAS PHOTOGRAPH OF MAYOR ZIEGENHEIN AND HIS FAMILY.



HENRY, JR.

FRED.

EMMA.

KATE.

THE MAYOR.

ADAM.

CLARA.

ADELE.

MRS. ZIEGENHEIN.

EUGENE.

ANNIE.

THREE-CARD MEN
ON THE 'FRISCO.

One Gang Operates Successfully Near St. Louis.

THEY ROBBED ONE MAN OF \$300

WON AT THE MONTE MEN'S OWN
GAME, BUT A REVOLVER WAS
BROUGHT INTO USE.

CONDUCTORS REPORTED LAX.

Local Railway Officials Say No Specific
Cases of Swindling Have Been
Brought to Their Notice or
They'd Act.Some men have plenty money and no brains.
Others have plenty brains and no money.
Those who have plenty money and no brains
are made for those with plenty brains and no
money.Original blues by Arthur Orton, the celebrated
Tribune columnist.When the police last week cast their dragnet
for the confidence men who lie in wait
for rural visitors in the neighborhood of
Union Station, they failed to catch a clever
trio of monte experts who play a safer
game than their fellows.Three very expert three-card monte men
are said to have been operating very successfully
on the passenger trains of the Frisco
road. They rob their victims before the city
sharks get a chance at them, and they do
their work beyond the jurisdiction of the St.
Louis police.A frequent traveler on the road says these
three men have been operating for months,
successfully and with impunity. He claims to
have witnessed four coups himself. On one
occasion the men got away with \$2, the
next time they got \$4, the next time \$5, and
the fourth time they got a rural passenger's
whole roll, amounting to \$30.No. 1 is described as 5 feet 6 inches in
height, heavy set, with brown eyes, dark
hair, a bristly black beard and a sea-thatch
nose. He wears green goggles some-
times just for a wind, at other times he
does not wear them, they form part of his
disguise when "at work."No. 2 is about 5 feet 7 inches high, with
dark mustache and thin lips. He claims to
be a very small and slim, with very
prominent cheek bones and heavy, long,
dark mustache. He wears a black slouch
hat and eye-glasses.The game has been exposed several thou-
sand times. The confidence man who works
an old game never changes it, no matter
how often it is written up. The color
brick game, with the inevitable Western
miner or cowboy and the Indian is played
to-day just as it was forty years ago. All
of which justifies the gambler's maxim that
"a sucker is born every minute."No. 3 engages the prospective victim in
conversation about crops or any other old
thing. No. 1 is the man who rolls up
the cards, spreads like a fan, and folds
overcoat on his knees for a table. The color
game is played on the floor, and the cards
are picked up at the game himself, and
with up by hanting the next time \$5, and
the fourth time they got a rural passenger's
whole roll, amounting to \$30.to act as a screen, hiding the game from the
other passengers.
The three men do not get on or off the
train at Union Station. They get on at Van-
dewater, Old Orchard or some other sub-
urb. They get off when they have turned a
truck, sometimes at one place and sometimes
at another. All places look alike to them.
They go out on the night train and come
back next morning, and like the old negro's
fish trap, they catch suckers "agwime an'
acomins."The observing passenger who related the
results of his observations does not under-
stand why the conductors are not on to the
game, when a passenger could see it played
on four separate occasions.
He says when the \$300 haul was made the
victim had by some rare chance won the
bet. As the train had stopped it was only
the work of a moment for No. 1 to make a
quick gun play, grab the money and get
away with No. 2 before Mr. J. Green knew
where he was "at." Mr. J. Green was re-
ported to the conductor, who took the names
and addresses of witnesses. No. 3 stood on
the train and continued to read his paper.
He cheerfully gave a name—his or some
other fellow's—as a witness. A. A. Jones
called himself, but the name contained a
suspicious number of J's, considering his
profession. He did not give any address
and, it is said, the conductor did not ask
for it.Superintendent Donaldson of the Frisco
said to a Post-Dispatch reporter: "We
know in a general way that confidence and
monte men are working on a number of
roads. Our conductors are particularly in-
structed to keep a look out for them, and
spot them; so they can be captured. We
are anxious for the protection of our pas-
sengers to drive these men away. There
are of course difficulties. These fellows are
shrewd. They leave at small stations and
unless by special arrangements, a country
officer having the necessary authority, is
not likely to be at hand.""It is almost incredible that anyone gang
could operate for any length of time on the
stretch of road, and such a state of affairs
would warrant an investigation. I have
not received any reports of specific cases.
If there have been any lately, reports would
go to the Division Superintendent at
Springfield, who would at once investigate.
We did not know whether a pickpocket got
the money or whether it was obtained by
some trick. The detailed report did not
point the case was a most discouraging
one."Matthew Golden, a typical levee lounge-
r, arrested Saturday noon on suspicion of
being implicated in the murder.\$1,000 given away by the Senoret Chemical
Co. Ask your druggist for circular.

PYLE LOOKS LIKE A PATRIARCH.

Old Man Arrested on a Shoplifting
Charge and Locked Up.
John Pyle, who has a long white beard
and wears gold eye-glasses, was arrested
in the Grand Leader Friday afternoon on
a charge of shop lifting. Detectives Brady
and Ziegler watched him and saw him
take a valuable fan.Pyle is 65 years old. He protested against
his arrest and declared he was professor of
natural science in Northfield Seminary
at Northfield, Wis. He was taken to the
office of the manager of the store and
searched and a number of articles were
found in his pocket. Pyle gave his St.
Louis address as 14 South Fifteenth street.
He was locked up at the Fourth District
Station.Something for the New Year.
The world renowned success of Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity
year after year as a stomachic, is scarcely
more wonderful than the welcome that greets the
annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac.
This valuable medical treatise is published by the Ho-
stetter company, Pittsburgh, Pa. It contains a
complete directory of the world's leading
doctors, and is a most valuable work for
the year on the whole, and a most valuable
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valuable work for the year on the whole.

SOME STORIES OF THE TOWN.

Incidents Grave and Gay, That Go to Make Up the
Doings of a Day."Top o' the morn-
in' to yez," said
one patrolman to
another at Leffing-
well avenue and
Stoddard street,
Christmas day.
Same to ye, Mike,
and what did yez
get in yer ould
sock?"
"Yed never
guessed."
"Now, I could
not."
"Well, don't give
it away to the Cap-
tain, but my frins
on this beat have
give me a diamond
pin."They think so much of me ability as an of-
ficer that they remembered me hand-
somer."
"How many drams yez had this mornin'?"
"Niver a wan. But it's true about the
diamond. Come into the grocery and I'll
show it to yez."
In the store the patrolman cautiously
pulled from his inside pocket a small plush
box. Very slowly and carefully he opened
it, and with a broad smile handed it over
for inspection.
The box contained a dime and a pin—the
officer's diamond pin.Something seems to be happening to Joe
all the time. If it isn't a sprained thumb
or a sprained ankle, it's a sprained head.
The police and detective were trying
to discover the writer of the letter that de-
cey old man Wein was away from home
October 18 last, when his house was robbed.
The theory was that the men who robbed
his house then were the same who murdered
him.
The capture of Roberts has made Police
Captain Phillips particularly happy.
"I cannot recollect a more joyful Christ-
mas," he said. "The capture of this fellow
is a mystery, seemingly unfathomable, has
been a great help to the police. The whole
case is a most discouraging one."Matthew Golden, a typical levee lounge-
r, arrested Saturday noon on suspicion of
being implicated in the murder.
\$1,000 given away by the Senoret Chemical
Co. Ask your druggist for circular.
PYLE LOOKS LIKE A PATRIARCH.
Old Man Arrested on a Shoplifting
Charge and Locked Up.
John Pyle, who has a long white beard
and wears gold eye-glasses, was arrested
in the Grand Leader Friday afternoon on
a charge of shop lifting. Detectives Brady
and Ziegler watched him and saw him
take a valuable fan.
Pyle is 65 years old. He protested against
his arrest and declared he was professor of
natural science in Northfield Seminary
at Northfield, Wis. He was taken to the
office of the manager of the store and
searched and a number of articles were
found in his pocket. Pyle gave his St.
Louis address as 14 South Fifteenth street.
He was locked up at the Fourth District
Station.
Something for the New Year.
The world renowned success of Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity
year after year as a stomachic, is scarcely
more wonderful than the welcome that greets the
annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac.
This valuable medical treatise is published by the Ho-
stetter company, Pittsburgh, Pa. It contains a
complete directory of the world's leading
doctors, and is a most valuable work for
the year on the whole, and a most valuable
work for the year on the whole, and a most
valuable work for the year on the whole.THE HOBO'S LETTER
TO SANTA CLAUS.(The following is by Ed H. Jacobs, formerly of
St. Louis, now a resident of Columbus, O.)
Gimme a barrel of gin an' rum,
Gimme a ton of chewing gum,
Gimme an ocean of whisky or two,
Gimme a coat an' pants an' vest,
Gimme a hat an' all de rest,
Gimme some nalls to fix my shoes,
Gimme for living, a good excuse,
Gimme a chance, an' gimme a rest,
Gimme de stuff to fix it right,
Gimme a chicken, gimme a duck,
Send me some quail an' make it thick,
Gimme de booze wot I love best,
Gimme a chance, an' gimme a rest,
Gimme de brain of a nightingale,
Gimme an excuse to git in jail,
Send me a billion dollars quick,
Send me the grip car's gear-
ing and caused such a sudden halt that the
front trucks were torn from under the car.
The stoppage of the train threw W. Wen-
meyer, the gripman, forward, butting his
head into a window and cutting a deep
gash across his forehead. James Evans,
the conductor, was dashed against the seats
of the trailer and was painfully bruised.
The accident happened at Grand avenue
and there changed to be no passengers in
the car. Wilmeyer was sent to his home
at 5104 Leonard avenue, and Evans was
sent to his home, at 234 Olive street.
Traffic on the line was suspended for half
an hour.The hanging of the one-legged negro John-
son was being discussed by a little group
of ex-Sheriff's officers, among whom were
Staed and his first hanging as Sheriff.
"Staed was a tender-hearted fellow at the
best," said one of the group, "and he was
scared than was the condemned man. When
As Cahill bore down with his mighty grasp
the suffering Major drew back his left
hand, and, with all his strength, gave Ca-
hill a stinging box on the jaw that made
his head ring and ears tingle.
Cahill let go and stepped back aghast,
but before he could speak, Maj. Foster
said:
"Don't be offended; that is just my way
of showing my friends how much I think
of them and how glad I am to see them,
especially after a few weeks' sickness."Col. Cahill's face was aflame and his eyes
flushed, but he controlled his temper. He
with his left eye swollen to the size of a
Christmas orange, and colored to the hue
of an overripe plum.
"Ah ha," chuckled an unfeeling reporter.
"I note that the base ball season has
opened."Good-natured and patient Joe smiled all
through the jokes perpetrated at his ex-
pense, just as he has smiled at jokes be-
fore and after that. The day before Christ-
mas Joe walked into the office, limping
painfully, not at all able to hop and skip
as he usually did. The staff had fresh jokes
on him and suggested buying him an
armica chest, or a pair of crutches or an
accident insurance policy. No one thought
of asking Joe how it happened or even to
express sympathy for the boy who was in
apparent pain each step he took.It didn't seem much of an achievement
to Joe, and when some one took the
trouble to ask how in the world he had
skinned his hip and bruised his bones, he
told his story modestly. He was coasting
down "Quarry Hill" at Grand and Floris-
tad avenues, late in the afternoon, when
his sense was overpowered by a glass of
going down the steep snow-covered hill
was superb. The runners of hundreds of
sleds had worn the path to a glass-like
smoothness. Once started from the top it
was next to impossible to check the speed
of a sled.
Joe had just started down the hill and
was about half way down when he spied two
lively little fellows, who had no business out-
side the nursery, much less on a crowded
hill getting in the way of the coasters.
Joe's eyes were fixed on the two little
youngsters, who stood hand in hand like
Alex and George, in open mouth delight
at the sight of the coasters.Joe realized that he must turn the course
of the sleds or strike the youngsters. To
strike them must result in injury for life
to them if not in death. Then Joe, the
kind hearted man, turned his sled and
his heels he managed to guide the sled to
the edge of the well-worn path. It took
him strength and nerve to do this, but his
little fellows, all unconscious of their dan-
ger, made up his mind to shove the sled
force enough into his efforts to shove the
sled into a route of safety. With an extra
bit of his heels into the crust of ice the
sled turned a few degrees more and dashed
by little Alex and George, who stood un-
harmful and grinning widely than
ever at the great joke.
Joe's sled had hit the big bowlder, which
stood directly in his way and which he
saw he must strike when he chose to
steer out of the way of the tiny adven-
turers. It wrecked the sled and the won-
der is it did not wreck Joe.
The reason Joe limped and suffered when
he came into the office the day before
Christmas was because he is made of the
stuff heroes are made of.

A BOY IN THE GUTTER

FOUND DEAD DRUNK AT CHOU-
TEAU AVENUE AND NINE-
TEENTH STREET.

IS ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Capt. O'Malley's Indignation Is Great
and He Will Make Some One
Suffer If He Can.Sergeant Dawson of the Central Police Sta-
tion had just gone on duty at 7 o'clock
Christmas morning when the patrol wagon
drove up to the door and Sheriff Officer
Murphy walked in, carrying in his arms a
12-year-old boy.
"What's the matter with him; is he
dead?" asked the sergeant, as Murphy ap-
proached the railing.
"Yes; dead drunk," replied Murphy, as he
placed the boy on his feet and held
him against the railing until the sergeant
could examine him.
The boy was in a condition of absolutely
helpless, stupid, maudlin intoxication. He
was unable to speak or stand. The spec-
tacle was pitiable and moved the officers in
the station to feelings of commiseration for
the boy and indignation against the per-
sons responsible for his condition.
As Patrolman Murphy held the limp and
wobbling form up to the railing, Ser-
geant Dawson attempted to obtain from the
patrolman the name and residence of the
father of the boy. He was too far
gone to be able to tell this, even if he re-
membered it, which is highly doubtful.
Only utterance his thickened tongue
and swollen lips were capable of was "take
care," which was repeated over and over
mechanically in answer to the sergeant's
questions.
Officer Murphy said the boy had been
picked up by Officer Condon a short time
before from the gutter at Nineteenth and
Chouteau avenue, where he had fallen
asleep. No one in the neighborhood knew
the boy.
Sergeant Dawson sent the boy to a cell to
let him sleep off the effects of his past
drunkenness. He was a very careful eye
on him. At noon he was still in a heavy
drunken stupor.
"It's an outrage," he said. "Capt. O'Mal-
ley will make an investigation of the case,
and if I can discover who supplied the boy
with liquor, I will make it hot for them.
If he secured the liquor he is prosecuted
and his license revoked. I will have a talk
with the boy's parents, but I release him, and
see what he can do."Florida Air Line.
Through Pullman Sleepers daily St. Louis
to Jacksonville via Louisville, Lexington,
Chattanooga, Atlanta. Leave St. Louis 9:15
p. m., arrive Jacksonville 8:40 a. m., via Air
Line. Excursion tickets. Information 104
North Broadway.Rabbits for Denver's Poor.
DENVER, Colo. Dec. 25.—Parson Thomas
Uzzell distributed 3,000 jack rabbits among
the poor people who applied for them this
forenoon. These rabbits were shot in the
annual hunt at Lamar, Colo. Arrangements
are being made to feed 1,000 people at the annual
Christmas dinner at the Uzzell Tabernacle
next Tuesday.Official facsimile of Medal Awarded
DR. PRICE'S
CREAM BAKING POWDEROnly Original Pure Home-made Candies.
We lead always. Others are cheap fake imi-
tations. Twenty-seven years manufacturing
and selling these unadulterated goods. Chil-
dren cry for it—sweethearts will have it.
Remember the loved ones at home. Our dis-
cussible Molasses and Nut Taffy, 5c pound;
Cream Bon Bons and Chocolate, 5c pound;
2 pounds for \$1.00. 303 and 305 N. Broadway.

Peru Marriage Law.

LIMA, Peru, Dec. 25.—President Pierola
has signed and promulgated the new mea-
sure legalizing non-Catholic marriages in
Peru.
\$1,000 given away by the Senoret Chemical
Co. Ask your druggist for circular.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893